

BRITISH SUBMARINE AGROUND OFF HOLLAND—NO LIVES LOST

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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One Halfpenny.

THE FIRST FRUITS OF THE DERBY SCHEME: FOUR SINGLE MEN GROUPS JOIN THE COLOURS.



Lord Derby, the originator of the scheme.



Giving up their armbands. They will get more khaki in exchange.



"Good-bye and good luck."



Waiting for the doctor.



Lord Kitchener, who wants the men.



Batch of men leaving the Stratford centre with a sergeant.



His mother saw him off.



Selecting their regiment. Some men have difficulty in choosing.

Groups 2, 3, 4 and 5, which comprise unmarried men from nineteen to twenty-two years of age, presented themselves at the recruiting offices yesterday in accordance with the proclamation calling them from reserve "B" to the colours. There was

no sign of any excitement, the armleteers arriving singly and in groups, and the general public, at least as far as Whitehall was concerned, seemed unaware of what was taking place.—(Daily Mirror and London News Agency.)

BLOCKADE FAILURE TO BE DEBATED.

Sir E. Grey Protests Against
"Grossly Unfair" Critic.

MORE AMAZING FIGURES.

The vitally important question of the blockade of Germany is to be discussed next week in the House of Commons.

Sir Edward Grey made this announcement yesterday in Parliament in reply to Major Hunt, who asked whether the Foreign Office had been aware of the state of things demonstrated by the American trade statistics, and if so could he say how much longer our Navy was to be crippled by the Foreign Office, the one war prolonged and many more thousands of our men sacrificed.

Sir E. Grey, replying that the subject was to be discussed, added: "I must, however, say that the statements made in the question are grossly unfair and entirely misrepresent the facts of the case. I reserve any further statement I have to make until next week."

NEUTRALS' BIG APPETITES.

In the City yesterday there were signs that the agitation was growing stronger against the policy that enables the Hun to run food cargoes through our blockading patrols.

There is hardly a merchant in the City who cannot point to some way which has come under his notice whereby neutral importers have been enabled to carry on a thinly-disguised trade with our enemies for lack of some simple measure of restriction.

Recently-published figures show that Holland, Denmark and Sweden, the three neutral countries bordering on Germany, are importing food stuffs in amounts far in excess of their normal consumption or of their needs.

Flour, bacon, maize, wheat, cocoa by the hundred tons go into these neutral countries and are not consumed there.

Where they go is obvious—to Germany. Officially these cargoes are guaranteed to be for consumption in the countries to which they are consigned, but the published figures tell a different tale.

The country is at last awake and is calling for an unhampered use of our Navy.

EAGER FOR SACRIFICES.

Sir George Pragnell, managing partner of the great exporting house of Messrs. Cook, Son & Co., and one of His Majesty's Lieutenants of the City of London, weighs up the position in a few clear sentences.

"In all these controversies," said Sir George, "you have to deal with three sorts of people: the strong, the weak and the politician, and the last does the most harm where business matters are concerned."

"So far as I am able to speak for large employers, 90 per cent. of them are eager to make any sacrifice in order to beat Germany, but they object to half measures either in the conduct of hostilities, or the terms of peace."

"Weighing up the returns of foodstuffs and materials sent to Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland in 1915, as compared with 1913, we have to remember that Germany, which supplied them with large quantities of certain goods in 1913, was out of business in 1915."

"But we must not let that blind us to the fact that we are, beyond all question, supplying the neutral countries with huge quantities of various materials which enable our enemies to prolong the war."

"I am, therefore, in favour of increasing the list of contraband and declaring an absolute blockade."

ONE WEEK OF NEW YORK EXPORTS.

The Central News have received from the National City Bank of New York a return compiled by the Foreign Trade Department of that bank showing the exports from the port of New York to the principal countries for the week ended with January 1, compared with the corresponding week a year before.

There was a huge increase in aggregate value. The figures of exports to certain neutral European countries are very significant:—

Exports to	1916.	1915.
Sweden	\$2,126,124	\$80,249
	(1913: \$29,181.)	
Holland	1,595,751	829,781
Denmark	980,538	192,190
Norway	589,674	5,000
Spain	716,117	164,957

The exports for the same week (last of 1915) to the United Kingdom, France and Italy show big increases.

STRANGE STORY OF BOY IN CANAL.

At Bury yesterday Albert Edward Unwin, forty-one years of age, of Edward-street, Radcliffe, was remanded on a charge of wilfully murdering Albert James Osborne, aged seven years, of Bowling Green-street, Radcliffe, by pushing him into the canal at Radcliffe on Tuesday.

When arrested, the accused made the statement that he had pushed the boy into the canal and pulled him out, but did not like taking him home in a wet condition, and threw him in again.

"Read 'Laughter That Helps to Win the War.'" by Mr. George Graves, the famous comedian, on page 5.

HER LONELY ROOM.

Sir E. Carson and Mrs. Slingsby's
Story of Leaving Hotel.

"STAYED AWAY TEN DAYS."

"Mrs. Slingsby did not tell her husband of the birth till six days afterwards," was one of the assertions made yesterday by Sir E. Carson, who began the fourth day of his opening speech in the Slingsby baby case.

Two brothers of Mr. Charles Slingsby are appealing against Mr. Justice Baggave Deane's decision declaring "Teddy," a boy of five, to be the former's lawful son and therefore heir to the family estates in Yorkshire.

They allege that he is really the child of a young San Francisco woman, who went to San Francisco from her home in Victoria, British Columbia, in August, 1910, and stayed at the Goodfriend Hotel. Then on September 1 she went to the house of her old friend, Hattie Blain, in Macalister street, where the child was born.

"The story about her leaving the hotel is very strange," said Sir Edward Carson yesterday. "Mrs. Slingsby says that on September 1, and stayed away for ten days. But the hotel people say that she was staying at the hotel the whole time."

"If the lady had disappeared from the hotel for ten days from this quiet, comfortable, respectable hotel, one would have supposed the proprietor would have communicated with the police."

"Moreover, it is said that she gave no intimation of her return."

Sir Edward then drew a picture of what had happened to Mrs. Slingsby if her story were true.

She was all by herself in a lonely little room while Hattie Blain went out marketing. Yet there was not one person to whom it was intimated that she was at Hattie Blain's.

The hearing was again adjourned.

DON'T FEED THE HUNS.

Mr. Pemberton Billing Shows
Strong Opposition to Slack Policy.

Mr. Pemberton Billing seems to be making considerable headway in his canvass by proving to the electors of Mile End that it is obviously the present policy of the Government not to interfere with the feeding of the Germans by neutrals.

That could be stopped by the Navy, which is prepared to make and maintain a real and not a sham blockade.

Mr. Warwick Brookes, the Coalition candidate for Mile End, is the Government's candidate, and so must support the Government's policy, no matter whether or not they favour the loose blockade that permits supplies to reach the Germans through neutral countries.

It is being demonstrated by Mr. Billing that the Mile End electorate doesn't approve of the Government's feed-the-Germans policy any more than it likes the nebulous defence-of-London policy pointed out by Mr. Billing in his speeches.

Mr. Billing yesterday received many offers of motor-cars from supporters.

People willing to lend motor-cars should communicate with his central committee rooms at 321, Buxton-road, Mile End-road, E. The telephone number of his agent, Mr. Houston, is 1123 East.

TOO MANY LETTERS.

The kindness of *Daily Mirror* readers has proved embarrassing for Private Thomas McKenzie, 10th Battalion S.R., who is a prisoner of war in Germany.

In a letter sent to his home at Bellshill, Lanarkshire, he says:—

"Ever since the people saw my name in the *Daily Mirror*, I have received over fifty letters from them. The censor here has not sufficient time to read and censor them, and he has burnt some."

"I cannot answer all these kind-hearted people, as I am only allowed to write one letter and one postcard a week. You might thank them for their kindness and let them know that all these letters keep back letters from home all the longer."



Montenegrin women with their packs. They took an active part in the war—
("Daily Mirror" photograph.)

MEAT AND THE WAR.

French Civil Population in Better
Position Than the British.

FROZEN MEAT FOR ALLY'S ARMY

How the civil population of France is in a better position than Britain in regard to meat supply is told in Messrs. W. Weddel and Co.'s annual review of the frozen meat trade.

They point out that in France the increased consumption by the Army was met to a large extent by the introduction of these entirely new supplies of frozen meat, with the result that values of French home-grown meat rose little above normal.

In this country the importation of meat being barely maintained and the home supplies showing no great expansion, the increased Army consumption naturally brought about an important advance in values."

On the whole, therefore, comparing 1915 with 1914, the civil population in France was in a better position than that of the United Kingdom through being permitted to use British ships to supplement their home supply by importing frozen meat for the Army from Australia, South and North America, Canada, Madagascar, Brazil, etc.

Wholesale values have risen by 88 per cent. within five years, two-thirds of that advance taking place since August, 1914.

Stated otherwise, the average prices current on Smithfield Market in 1915 show an increase of over 40 per cent. since the outbreak of war.

The world's export output of frozen and chilled beef, mutton and lamb in 1915 is estimated at 882,658 tons, compared with 800,413 tons in 1914 and 767,311 tons in 1913.

"HON. MRS. ROBERTSON."

Accused Tells Court That Her "Father Had
Won the Liverpool Cup."

That her father used to keep racehorses and had won the Liverpool Cup was stated at the Old Bailey yesterday by Margaret Robertson, forty, who was said to have described herself as the "Hon. Mrs. Robertson," and who pleaded not guilty to a charge of forging a receipt for £57 18s.

It was alleged that the prisoner had represented herself to be a woman of wealth, with estates in Ireland and in various parts of England. The War Refugees Committee entrusted her with the buying of clothing for the refugees.

In the witness box prisoner denied having told Chief Inspector Wagstaff that her father was a master stevedore. What she told him was that her father owned barges and schooners and was very wealthy.

Her father, she said, also took an interest in coursing. She herself was very keen on hunting, and had hunted in Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, Hereford, Cheshire and in Ireland. Her father was an Irishman and his family was one of the oldest in Galway.

Her husband had been educated for the law, but failed owing to his eyesight giving way.

In cross-examination she denied having represented herself as a woman of means. She had said she had "a place in Ireland," she admitted to counsel that she had not such a place.

Counsel asked her if it were true that her husband was an attendant at the Liverpool Free Library at 304, a week.

Prisoner: I don't know what he is doing.

Why did you call yourself the Hon. Mrs. Robertson?—There was another Mrs. Robertson at the Waldorf Hotel and confusion arose.

Prisoner was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour.

WOMAN'S PREDICAMENT.

A remarkable domestic experience was related yesterday to Mr. Fordham, the West London magistrate, by a woman who sought advice.

She wanted to know if she could marry again. Twenty years ago, she said, she married a man with whom she only lived for five weeks and she had not seen him for seventeen years.

Mr. Fordham: You haven't had news of him?

No. Well, if you go through the ceremony of marriage with another man, so long as your husband doesn't show himself it will be all right, but if your husband is still alive you will be your husband's wife.



DERBY MEN REPORT FOR DUTY.

First Drafts Select Regiments
They Will Join To-day.

A DISAPPOINTED CLERK.

The Central Recruiting Offices at Scotland Yard were the scene of much bustle and excitement yesterday.

Some thousands of men throughout the country had been called upon to exchange armlets for khaki. The first drafts of the Derby recruits, young men whose ages ranged from nineteen to twenty-two, were reporting for duty.

It had been arranged that the men should report themselves in batches. The first batch was to be dealt with at eleven o'clock, the second at twelve, and so on.

The whole thing worked with the precision of perfectly organised machinery.

The man, who had previously selected the regiment to which he desired to be attached, was then free to go home, this morning he will report himself at the headquarters of his new regiment. Then, after being supplied with his uniform, he will join his unit.

MEN OF ALL CLASSES.

All classes were represented among the new recruits. There were bank clerks, costermongers, Civil Servants, shop assistants—a veritable medley of ranks. Men in morning coats of the newest cuts mingled with other men whose now threadbare clothes were new many years ago.

One man, who walked with an erect, martial bearing—you might have thought he had been in training for six months—confessed to *The Daily Mirror* that he wanted to join up with the Navy's Battalion. "I'm used to hard work," he said, "I've had plenty of it in the building trade."

"And you are keen on being sent out?"

"What do you think?" he replied as he stepped jauntily along to the doctor's room.

At the present moment there are vacancies in ten London Territorial regiments, in addition to a number of other regiments. Yesterday, however, the Army Service Corps was closed, and there was only room for two men in the Household Cavalry.

A man who had been medically disqualified for combatant service was voluble in his expressions of disappointment. "I've been a clerk all my life," he said, "and now I've joined the Army I suppose I'll have to be a clerk still."

SELLING BRITISH SHIPS.

Government Stated To Be Contemplating
Ban on Sales to Neutrals.

Attention has been called again and again to the fact that during the war British-owned vessels have been sold to foreign countries.

At the offices of the Navy League yesterday *The Daily Mirror* was told that the league had been pressing this point upon the Government for long, and now have good reason to believe that it will shortly be announced that not a single British ship shall be sold to any neutral country or to any syndicate whose interests partly relate to the ownership of ships in neutral countries.

At the same time it was learned that all the contracts for merchant vessels which were in process of completion when the war broke out are now being proceeded with as rapidly as possible.

This means that some 300 large vessels will be added to the British Mercantile Marine within the next eight months.

The appreciation in value of freight steamers since the war may be judged from the fact that a steamer which was built nine years ago for £265,000 was sold last week for £190,000.

£100 FINES FOR ENEMY TRADING.

For trading with the enemy Edward I. Pronk and Alfred E. Davis, having been Davis and Co., chemical importers, Haydon-street, Minorities, were fined £100 each at the Old Bailey yesterday and ordered by Mr. Justice Darling to pay the costs of the prosecution.

It was stated that Pronk was a Dutch subject who had lived for many years in this country, and Davis was British. The trading to which they pleaded guilty consisted, said Mr. Travers Humphreys, who prosecuted, in their paying money to a neutral person in Holland for permanganate of potash, knowing that it would go straight to an enemy manufacturer.

Mr. Justice Darling said he was willing to give Davis every credit for the fact that his sons were fighting for their country.

GERMAN AIRMAN DIES FROM BURNS

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 20.—According to the *Mainzer Tageblatt*, a fatal aviation accident occurred at Gonsenheim, near Mainz.

An aeroplane dashed down to the ground, and the occupants, Lieutenant Schroeder and non-commissioned officer Zimm, both Germans, were severely burnt, the former with fatal effects.—Reuter.

RELIEF FUNDS NOT STOPPED.

Sir J. Roper Parkington informed *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that there is no truth in the report that the appeal on behalf of the Montenegrin Red Cross and Relief Funds had been stopped.

ANOTHER BRITISH SUBMARINE GOES AGROUND OFF DUTCH COAST

All Crew Rescued by Destroyer and Dutch Boat.

RELIEF NEARS KUT.

Mystery of Reported Break in Montenegrin Peace Parleys.

TWO MORE AIR LOSSES.

NEARING KUT.

Luck in Mesopotamia has taken a turn for the better. The weather has improved and the relief force is now only six miles from Kut.

There is every reason to believe that General Townshend's force in Kut is quite safe.

MORE MYSTERY.

The Montenegrin situation becomes more mysterious every day.

First came the surrender; then the allegation that it was more or less a "put up" affair, and now the news that peace parleys are at an end.

FLYING TO THE FORE.

A few days ago *The Daily Mirror* drew attention to the fact that the daily communiqués from the Western front showed the increasing part taken by airmen.

Unfortunately there appear with monotonous regularity reports of our machines being brought down.

The Germans yesterday claimed to have destroyed two of our machines, while the French captured the occupants of one German aeroplane. Since December 16 the Germans claim to have destroyed thirteen British aeroplanes and two French.

ALL CREW RESCUED FROM STRANDED SUBMARINE.

Dutch Warship Lands British Navy Men in Holland.

The following announcement was made last night by the Admiralty:

"One of H.M. submarines has grounded off the Dutch coast.

"Part of her officers and crew were taken off by a British destroyer and the remainder were rescued by a Dutch warship and have been taken to Holland.

"There was no loss of life."

It is just a fortnight since the Admiralty announced the loss of a British submarine off the Dutch coast. All the crew, numbering thirty-three, were rescued and taken into the Helder.

BRITISH ATTACK WITH SMOKE BOMBS.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Jan. 20.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon:

"Our positions north of Freilingheim were attacked last evening by the British, who used smoke bombs. The attack extended over a width of some hundred yards. The enemy was repulsed with severe loss.

According to their usual plan, the enemy artillery shelled the church at Lens. A British biplane, carrying two machine guns, and being a unit of an enemy squadron, was shot down near Tourcoing by a German airman.

On the Yser the fire from our anti-aircraft guns forced an enemy machine to land in the enemy lines. The aeroplane was immediately destroyed by our artillery fire.

Last night we dropped bombs on the military establishments in Nancy.

Balkan Theatre.—Nothing to report.—Wireless Press.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Jan. 20.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

"Between the Oise and the Aisne there was some contact between patrols in the course of the night in the Fusaiville area. In Champagne our artillery destroyed a provision convoy on the Ville-sur-Tourbe road at Vouziers.

An enemy aeroplane dropped three bombs on the outskirts of Lunéville, doing no damage.

Another enemy machine had to land near Flin. The two officers manning it were made prisoners near Ogeville, south-east of Lunéville.—Reuter.

MONTENEGRO FIGHTING THE FOE AGAIN.

Austria's Terms Refused — King Nicholas Organising "Last Stand."

(MONTENEGRIN OFFICIAL.)

ROME, Jan. 20.—The following semi-official paragraph is published here.

The Montenegrin Consulate-General this morning informed the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, by order of M. Muskovitch, the Montenegrin Premier, who arrived yesterday evening at Brindisi, that the King of Montenegro and his Government had refused all the terms offered by Austria-Hungary, and that fighting had been resumed on all the fronts.

The King and his sons are still in Montenegro in the midst of their troops organising the last stand.—Reuter.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

Jan. 20.—The German Radio Service expresses great jubilation at the capitulation of the Montenegrin Army. The negotiations for peace have never taken place. The Montenegrin Army has never capitulated. King Nicholas is at Podgorizza with his troops, which continue their resistance.—Wireless Press.

Sir J. Roper Parkinson, the Consul-General for Montenegro in London, yesterday stated that he had received a telegram saying that the Queen of Montenegro and the two Princesses have arrived in Italy en route for France, and that the King, with his sons, are at the head of the troops, determined to fight to the last.

SIGNIFICANT ADMISION.

The *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, says a Reuter advertisement remarks that though after the voluntary submission of Montenegro the conclusion of peace is highly probable, yet the possibility of a rupture in the negotiations must not be completely disregarded.

M. St. Brieux writing in the *Journal* says: "Whatever may be the true facts of the (Montenegrin) case, the great moral victory of the Austrians has vanished in smoke.—Exchange.

COMMENTS BEFORE LAST NEWS.

PARIS, Jan. 20.—The *Matin* says, with reference to the Montenegrin situation, that several hypotheses are possible. Either King Nicholas was deceived by his entourage and believed it possible to negotiate honourably with the enemy, only to perceive subsequently the humiliation that must certainly follow, or else the negotiations were opened without him, or else the Austrian news concerning the capitulation is false or very exaggerated, for it is a plausible eventuality that some detachments surrendered and others were able to escape, and that Austria thereupon announced a total surrender in order to provoke rejoicings.

However, latest reports state that the Austrians to the north of Scutari are advancing without meeting with any resistance, which goes to show that the whole of the Montenegrin Army has abandoned the struggle.

WAR COUNCIL ENDED.

The deliberations of the Allied War Council in London have been concluded, says Reuter, and the French Ministers have returned home. This is the first time that M. Briand has visited this country as Prime Minister.

Reuter is authorised to state that the present visit had for its object the continuation of the discussions already inaugurated in Paris for the purpose of assuring perfect co-ordination in the prosecution of the war.

Many questions of general interest—naval, military, economic and diplomatic—were approached, in addition to many of more technical and detailed character.

These conferences took place not only between the Allied Cabinet Ministers themselves, but also with representatives of the Government departments especially interested.

It may be stated that the latest conference in London has given the fullest evidence of perfect unity of purpose, determination and confidence in the conduct of the war and in its eventual result.



Mr. Ford, the prime mover in the peace expedition, has just presented a fleet of fifty motor-ambulances to the French Government. The photograph shows them being inspected at Versailles.

HOW FOE'S AMMUNITION STORE BLEW UP.

Explosion Like Mad Giant Smashing Thousands of Windows.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 20.—Herr Karl Rosner, war correspondent of the *Lokale Nieuws*, gives a graphic description of the terrible results of the explosion at the German ammunition stores near Lille, which was mentioned in the German communiqué of January 12.

Herr Rosner was staying at a hotel at Lille which was partly occupied by the German Army Staff. He writes:—

At 4.30 in the morning a hurricane disturbed my rest. My bed was lid up and came down a little further away. The whole house shook.

Suddenly all three windows were flung wide open, the curtains fluttered, and at the same time there was a terrific roar, and then the crash of glass and masonry, as if a giant in his mad rage were smashing thousands of windows.

My first thought was, "Now, one of those big shells have landed in the house." I sprang to the electric switch, but there was only a short flash and everything was dark again.

"Everywhere in the neighbourhood one heard the noise of crashing glass. I reflected that this

ONLY BY PLODDING.

It is only by perseverance on the part of the public that the Government will be induced to give the Navy a free hand.

Germans are every day getting food and other supplies. They need them urgently indeed, they admit in their Parliament that they are suffering. Therefore it is our duty to enforce the blockade and shorten the war.

Get your M.P. interested in the matter by writing to him to-day.

was no aerial bomb, and against shells of heavy calibre a cellar would be of no use. The best would be to wait and see, and I went to bed.

Some hours later Herr Rosner saw the destruction. Excited groups of inhabitants thronged the streets, all shouting.

One cried, "An English airman has hit the ammunition depot." Another, "It was an Englishman who did it."

Later Herr Rosner learned that the accident had happened on the southern ramparts of Lille in a casemate where the ammunition of one of the pioneer detachments was stored. Houses on both sides of the Rue de Douai were razed to the ground.—Reuter.

ATHENS ASKED TO BANISH HUN CONSULS.

Reported Strong Note to Greece from France and Britain.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 20.—According to a telegram to the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant* from Berlin, the Sofia correspondent of the *Yassische Zeitung* learns from Athens that France and Great Britain sent a Note on Monday last to the Greek Government requesting it to hand the diplomatic representatives and Consuls of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey their passports.

The Note added that in the event of the request not being complied with the Allies would be compelled to take the necessary steps to secure the protection of their interests.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* denies this report, and adds that as telegraphic communication between Athens and Berlin has not been interrupted in any way the news of such an ultimatum, if true, would have been known in competent quarters.

The journal also believes the report of the landing of French troops at Phaleron to be incorrect and expresses the view that it arising from the appearance of French cruisers off Phaleron.—Reuter.

FRESH ADVANCE TO RELIEVE KUT.

British Now Within Seven Miles of the City.

FOKKER LIMITATION.

The British force sent to the relief of Kut (Mesopotamia) is again advancing.

In the House of Commons last night Mr. Chamberlain, answering Sir J. Rees, said:—

"I am glad to say that the weather having moderated General Aylmer has been enabled to continue his advance."

"His troops were yesterday evening close to the Essin position and, consequently, only about seven miles from Kut. (Cheers.)"

any General Townshend's reports that no fighting or firing has taken place there.

"I might add that General Sir J. Nixon, who has been obliged to give up the Command-in-Chief owing to illness, left yesterday, and the command was taken over by General Sir P. Lake."

NEW FOE AEROPLANE.

Sir E. Cornwall asked the Under-Secretary for War if the British aeroplanes now at the front are equal in efficiency to the new German Fokker machines, and whether he could make any statement as to the results of the aerial fighting on the British front in Flanders during the last month.

Mr. Tennant: In order that the present position as regards aerial fighting on the western front may be correctly understood, the defensive nature of the German methods of fighting in the air must be kept in mind. It is this kind of fighting only that the Fokker aeroplane, which is incapable of long flights away from its own lines and over the British lines, is appropriate.

"EQUAL IN EFFICIENCY."

The main duties of aeroplanes are reconnaissance and artillery work, and, in our case, for offensive fighting.

It is in reference to these duties that the suitability of our types of machine must be judged mainly.

I may say, however, that if the Germans adopted the offensive and came behind our lines we have machines which are equal in efficiency to the Fokker aeroplane, which they employ defensively behind their lines.

Mr. Asquith informed Mr. King that arrangements for the extension of the Allied War Council were in progress.

In reply to Mr. E. Cecil the Premier said that the anti-aircraft defences of London and elsewhere continued to receive the close attention of the Government.

Changes were under consideration which it would not be in the public interest to announce.

NO SUIVA INQUIRY NOW.

Mr. Asquith informed Mr. Redmond that the Government, after careful consideration, had come to the conclusion that any inquiry into the circumstances of the landing at Savla Bay dealt with in the dispatch of Sir Ian Hamilton was impracticable under present conditions.

The reason was that the officers needed to constitute a competent tribunal, and many of these would be necessary witnesses and many will be withdrawn from active service in the field.

Mr. Redmond said the Premier had not answered the second part of the question, whether Sir F. Stopford asked for an inquiry.

Mr. Asquith: He did so.

Mr. T. M. Healy asked if reports were being collected.

Mr. Asquith: Every safeguard is being taken to secure that an adequate inquiry should, in due course, be held.

Mr. Redmond asked if he might be allowed to see the documents already in the possession of the War Office. They had already been shown to some members of the House.

Mr. Asquith asked that the question should be put again on Monday.

"A DELICATE MATTER."

Mr. Dillon asked that care should be taken to secure the reports of junior officers while they were still living, as they might disappear in the course of the war.

Mr. Asquith: Yes. Sir Ivor Herbert: Will the right hon. gentleman see that officers whose names have been primarily connected with these affairs, and who have been temporarily withdrawn from service, should not be placed in a prejudiced position? Mr. Asquith: That is a very delicate matter.

Mr. Ronald McNeill asked the Foreign Secretary whether he had any official information showing that in August, 1914, the French Admiral in the Mediterranean informed his Government that he was in pursuit of the Goeben and Breslau, which he intended to sink before Constantinople, and that he was forbidden to do so by the French Government in consequence of the objection of England to do anything to annoy Turkey.

Sir E. Grey said the answer was in the negative. There was no record of any such communication in the Foreign Office and he had no recollection of having seen it before.

GUARDING MUNITION WORKS.



Alderman Neville Chamberlain, Lord Mayor of Birmingham, inspecting the night guard at a munition factory. The men belong to the Warwickshire Volunteer Training Corps.

A LIFEBOAT HERO.



Coxswain Cable, of the east coast, who has saved many lives. He possesses two remarkable gifts—a vase from the Russian Government and a silver watch from the Kaiser.

CROSS FOR DOCTOR.



Captain F. M. Bearn awarded the Military Cross. He was both house surgeon and house physician at the Manchester Royal Infirmary, and was educated at the city's grammar school.

BERNHARDT IN WAR EPISODE.



Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in "Du Theatre au Champ d'Honneur," the original dramatic episode which she is presenting at the Coliseum. She takes the part of a young French actor, who, though mortally wounded at the front, saves the colours of his regiment.

NOT A PARTICLE OF DANDRUFF OR A FALLING HAIR.

Save your hair! Double its beauty in just a few moments. "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy, wavy and beautiful. Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair, and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you more will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No matter how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just use Danderine. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any chemist (1/1d. and 2/3—no increase in price), and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you certainly can have beautiful hair, and lots of it, if you will just try a little Danderine.—(Adv't.)

IRRITATING AND SMARTING HEAT

From Eczema Beyond Describing. Face a Dreadful Sight. Soothed and Healed by Cuticura.

"My eczema first came out in small white pimples. When I scratched them they soon spread into sore eruptions. The itching and smarting heat were beyond describing. Sleep was out of the question. My face swelled up till I looked a dreadful sight. My hair fell out till I began to think it would leave me quite bald. Nothing did any good till I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The trouble is entirely gone now." (Signed) Mrs. E. Pymer, Hill Farm Cottage, Weybread, Harleston, Norfolk, Eng., Jan. 26, 1915.

SAMPLE EACH FREE BY POST
With 32c. Skin Book. (Soap to cleanse and Ointment to heal.) Address postcard for samples: F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London. Sold everywhere.

HOW TO GET FAT AND BE STRONG

The trouble with most thin folks who wish to gain weight is that they insist on drugging their stomach with tonics, or by stuffing it with greasy foods, or by guzzling ale, stout, or milk. Such methods are invariably useless.

It is impossible to get fat until your digestive track assimilates the food you eat. If your assimilative organs are right you will get fat by eating even the plainest of foods.

If you want to gain 15lb. or 20lb. of good, healthy flesh in as many days without any trouble or annoyance, get about 3s. worth of ordinary Sargol tablets from your chemist and chew up one with every meal. You will simply be astonished to see how quickly you will start to fatten up. Don't waste any more time or money on patent Flesh Foods, or in following some foolish diet system. Sargol by its regenerative power enables the stomach to literally soak up the fattening elements of your food and pass them into the blood, where they are carried to every starved, broken-down cell and tissue of your body.

You may eat what you like and when you like it. Sargol will enable you to get fat and be strong because it will enable you to get all the strength and fat-making elements from the food you eat.

No matter how thin you are, or what the cause of your thinness is from, you should give this prescription a trial. You are sure to find it is just what you need.—(Adv't.)

TWO SISTERS AS BRIDES AND BROTHER AS BRIDEGROOM.



A triple war wedding took place at Leeds, when a soldier and his two sisters were married at the same time. The three couples are (left to right) Private Alfred Hartley (R.A.M.C.) and Miss Lily Gale, Stoker John Myers, R.N., and Miss Minnie Hartley, and Private Frederick Welch (R.A.M.C.) and Miss Elizabeth Hartley.

FOR DARK STREETS.



A Woodford "Derbyite" wearing two luminous discs, which throw out bright gleams of light.

BELGIAN PATRIOT.



Chevalier Moulard, Dean of Dixmude, who has died at Woodford, where he was a refugee.

KHAKI ORCHESTRA.



Members of the Marlborough Theatre orchestra, who will continue their ordinary duties for the present.

THIS SOLID OAK DRESSER £3:3:0

carefully packed and sent carriage paid anywhere in Great Britain

Dimensions: Height, 4ft. 3in.; Width, 4ft.; Depth, 18in.

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WRITE for our Art Booklet, "How to Furnish," a catalogue of useful articles for the home, together with beautiful illustrations, in colour, showing the suggested treatment of the different rooms in a comfortable home.

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WOLFE & HOLLANDER, Ltd.,
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LONDON, W. (Oxford Street end).

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1916.

SACRIFICE OLD-AGE, SPARE YOUTH!

IF the many inarticulate young men now joining the Army—or soon perhaps about to be forced to do so—were to find voice and to speak clearly, what is it they would say, in regard to their coming sacrifices? Quite possibly they might be overheard to this effect:

"Take our bodies, our selves, our hopes, our futures, and let us help those whom you've already taken. But, in taking us, assure us that you will be as hard upon those in whose hands our lives are, as you necessarily are upon us. You sacrifice us—as you must. Sacrifice also our leaders—if you must. That is if such leaders prove incompetent. . . ."

We hear no more. Perhaps we hardly heard that much. The youths trust the authorities. But if the soldiers themselves don't think or say these things—though we are certain that less docile Canadians and Australians do think and say them—the soldiers' parents, particularly their mothers, feel them.

And, also, imagine such questioning in regard to the blockade:

"What is the good of all our Naval effort, with its loss of life at sea, its long task, its dangers and difficulties, if timid elderly men neutralise it for fear of offending somebody?"

In one sentence, then, let us put it—the sacrifice of youth and energy must be met, correspondingly, with a sacrifice of the old men who fail in this war. If youth gives up life, age must give up jobs—the jobs for which invention, activity, implacable resolve are needed. The aged dug-out means well we know; he has the best intentions. But lamentably he lacks the power of adaptation to the newer needs of a war quite unprecedented in history. More and more, then, if we want to win, we must give the newer men, not only decorations, but jobs—the important jobs, the commanding posts. Our French friends (usually fierce enough against those who fail) have perhaps in this war shared our own hesitation in getting rid of failures.

As a result, "six months too late in everything" has been the history of our war. For the aged dug-out believes in waiting and seeing, and in settling down, and in muddling through, and in thinking it over. It is not his fault!—largely it is the fault of an untrained, ill-educated public opinion, accustomed to fetish-worship, and to believing that when you've paid an incompetent man to do a job you must in loyalty leave him for ever to do it incompetently, because he might be hurt if you turned him out.

But again and again we repeat: "What about our men at the front?"

Let us, and let our French friends, think of the Poilu and of Tommy; and let them and let us insist that this year 1916 shall be as merciful to them, as it ought to be merciless to the dug-outs who don't succeed. Crown these latter with money and peerages, as Plato would have crowned his dangerous delightful poets; give them anything you like; only get rid of them swiftly—for the sake of our men and of the war. It will be no good getting rid of them when the war's lost. Get rid of them now—and don't lose it. W. M.

HOW TO KEEP FIT.

"'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food;
Let each man keep his heart at ease;
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keep
From disease, must not weep;
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gout, or fumes,
Or lingeringly his lungs consumes;
Or meets with aches in his bone,
Or catarrhs, or griping alone.
But contented lives for aye;
The more he laughs, the more he may.
—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

LAUGHTER THAT HELPS TO WIN THE WAR

HUMOUR AND TRAGEDY IN TRENCHES AND STREETS.

By GEORGE GRAVES.

LAUGHTER is the medicine for the soul; infallible potion for the mind distressed. The "laughter of fools"—if it's wholehearted—is sweeter music than the profoundest verities of all the professors in the world. Those without laughter and a love of laughing are not fully equipped for the battle of life. So with war. The soldier without a sense of humour is a soldier ill-prepared to fight—yes, or to die! A gorgeous staff officer, a glitter with red tabs and gold braid, penetrated a first-line trench. A "Tommy" spied him and nudged his mate. A "Lumpy" Bill, stop firing—the war's over! Subtle, perhaps, and probably wholly undeserved by staff officers. I only quote it as typical of the humour that is innate in our soldiers.

"Will yer do somethin' for me, yer honour?"
"Well, what is it, my man?"
"Could yer, d'ye think, get me the Victoria Cross?"
Now, don't you be a fool, too, O'Grady! You ought to know that the V.C. is only given for extreme heroism."
"Well, thin, sergeant, sor, 'ave ye an old pair o' trousers ye've done with?"
Some time ago I was performing at a music-hall at which khaki predominated.

SOME OF "TOMMY'S" SAYINGS.

A conjurer was doing that trick by which different drinks are produced from "nowhere" and given to members of the audience to test. Whisky was poured out, and a big soldier took the glass and drank the liquor. "Was it real whisky, Harry?" asked one of his friends.
"Real?" he replied. "Well, ain't I just swallowed it?"
A badly-wounded "Tommy" asked his nurse, on just recovering consciousness, what all his bandages were for. She replied: "You've got vinegar cloths on your head for fever, a mus-

THE RIGHT AGE—IN WAR AND PEACE.



Nobody has yet explained why every aged dug-out is considered fit for important duties in time of war—nearly all our generals are too old—whereas, in peace-time, old age, or even middle age, is supposed to be a barrier against big appointments in business.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

Waterloo may have been won on the playing fields of Eton; to-day's battles are won in the theatres and music-halls. It will be to the British, French and Italian sense of humour that we shall mainly owe our ultimate victory. I have told and been told so many stories illustrative of the irrepressible fun-making of our soldiers and sailors that I feel fuddled when I try to choose my examples. You will have heard of the boys singing the German hymn of hate at the tops of their voices in the trenches. What finer illustration of the British fighters' keen appreciation of the ridiculous could you have? That reminds me of the following gem: The drill sergeant, after a morning's hard labour with the new recruits, was exasperated. "You're a lot of blanked dummies!" he growled. "Your heads seem made of wood, and your legs of soft clay! There's only one man among you worth his buttons—stand out, O'Grady. You deserve a reward, my boy, and I'd like to be the one to give it you."

tard poultice on your chest for the pneumonia, and salt-bags on your feet for the frost-bites." The hero looked astonished. "Great Scott! Nursey," he said, "you've only got to give me some pepper somewhere, and I'll be a blessed cruet!" A soldier's letter to his sister ran: "Dear Sis,—It's jolly nice out here. I am enjoying myself fine. It's hell let loose." It is because our men can bear their terrible hardships in that spirit that we are winning the war. One of the London Scottish told me this yarn: Sentries now ask, "Who are you?" when challenging. One day a weary sentry hailed a batch of the Princess Patricia's Own Canadian Light Infantry, and one of them responded, "P.P.O.C.L.I." "I don't want to hear you say your alphabet," growled the sentry. "Who the blazes are you?" Then there is the humour—which I like to think was wholly unconscious—of another sentry. It

BOYS AND PARENTS.

DO THEY AGREE AS TO WHAT SHOULD BE TAUGHT AT SCHOOL?

"VICTIMS OF EDUCATION."

THE discussion on Classics v. French and German reminds me of the case of a man in Trinity College, Dublin, who announced that he was going into the Army. His tutor asked him what steps he had taken in this direction. He replied that he had "given up Greek!" HILL ROWAN, South Hampstead.

IDEAL TEACHERS.

NOTHING in England calls more violently for drastic change than does the calibre of our professional teachers.

A schoolmaster to be of real value must have three qualifications—(or, if school-mistress, womanliness), education and dramatic ability; manliness to win the respect and the love of his boys (quick hero-worshippers in their dumb way, and acute, but not dumb, critics); education (surely the requisiteness of that needs no demonstrating), and the something of the star-gift, without which no one can interest or teach young minds.

All of these we may hope of our teachers when they are decently salaried, and treated (as they are in the East) with the social deference which common sense should accord to those who achieve place in what is not the least important, and should not be the least distinguished, of the three great professions.

We are bleeding at every pore now, because we would not equip our Army and sustain our great Navy fitly. We shall suffer a worse, though a more subtle, a more insidious catastrophe if we do not soon man our schools, pay our teachers less indecently, and treat them suitably in ways not so material, and insist that they are able to teach, and that they teach.

LOUISE JORDAN MILN, Albert Palace Mansions, Battersea Park, S.W.

NEW SCHOOLS.

I AM very glad to see complaints being made about our system of high class education, so called. I have spent hundreds on the education of my son, both at private tutors and the best public school, but I am bound to allow that my under-footman is really better educated.

A PARENT, Queen's-gate, S.W.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 20.—Anemone fulgens and the lovely coronaria (poppy) varieties that were set out during the autumn are now above the soil. If they are growing in exposed places it will be wise, should severe weather arrive, to cover them with glass, as the young foliage is somewhat tender.

Towards the end of the month the poppy anemones may be again planted. Set them in rich light soil and in a position somewhat shaded. These anemones in broad masses produce wonderful effects. E. F. T.

was very dark, and a number of men were returning to camp. The following crisp dialogue ensued:—

"Who are you?"
"Rifle Brigade.—Who are you?"
"Pass, Rifle Brigade.—Who are you?"
"King's Liverpool.—Who are you?"
"Pass, King's Liverpool.—Who are you?"
"None of your blanked business!"
"Pass Canadians!"

Never have we needed laughter as we need it now: Cultivate the glorious gift of laughter in defiance of the madness rampant in the world.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

We refuse sympathy and intimacy with people as if we waited for some better sympathy or intimacy to come. But when I and when I tomorrow will be like to-day. Life wastes itself while we are preparing to live.—Emerson.

TO "REVICTUAL" THE FRENCH MACHINE GUNS.

ON THE PERS



Convoy of mules, carrying ammunition, passing through a wood on the western front.—(French War Office photograph.)



Miss Isabel Fladgate, who was rescued from Persia. She was picked up after twenty hours in the water, but had all her belongings. She has been rescued under Sir H. B. Tree, and was sent to India to fulfil an engagement.

EXTRAORDINARY CUFFS.



They are worn by women in the Caucasus. This is the region in which the Turks have been heavily defeated by the Russians.

OFFICER MISSING



Lieutenant M. L. Wortley, who is missing. Any information should be sent to 31, Avenue-mansions, Finchley-road, London, N.W.

"GREAT GLORY."



Brigadier-General Walter Cayley, who, in the words of Sir Ian Hamilton, "achieved great glory." He commanded the 1st West Yorks.

SHELLS AND GAS



Bombardier Porter, who has been awarded the D.C.M. for his bravery in carrying dispatches through heavy shell fire and gas.

A NEW USE FOR THE CHURCH BELL.



Bell from a shell-battered church, which is used by the French as an alarm signal when a gas attack is going to be made.

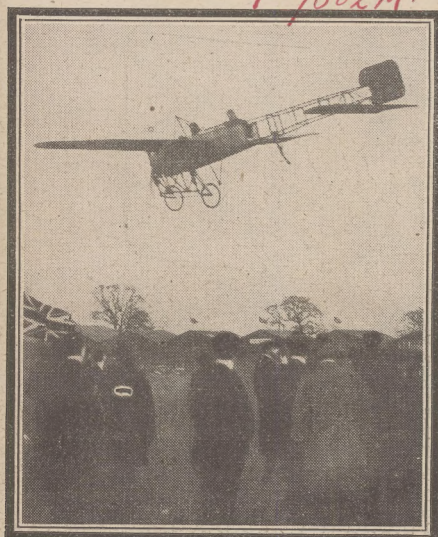
CHRISTMAS



In London a few enthusiasts take to the streets.

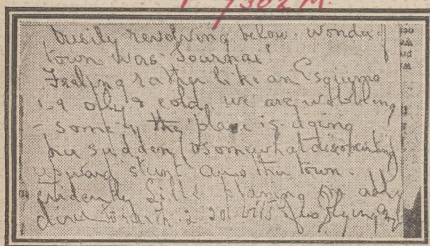
MAN FLIGHT PIONEER.

P. 7302 M.



Descending at Hendon with the late M. Gustav Hamel.

P. 7302 M.

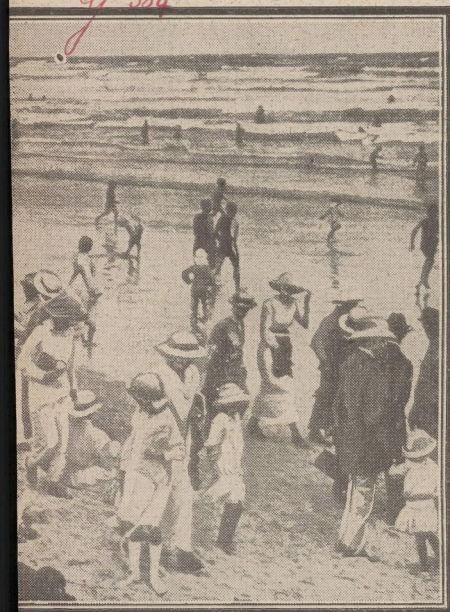


How in a shaky, uncertain hand she recorded her feelings just before she fell 200ft. while making a flight in France.

Trehawke-Davies, the first woman to cross the Channel by air, fights both in England and France, and on one occasion had a 200ft. near Lille.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

AT A CAPE SEASIDE RESORT.

G. 384



into the Serpentine, but in South Africa everybody can bathe as the sun shines down upon them.

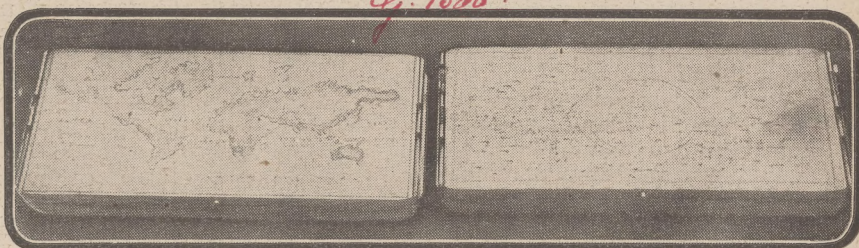
WONDERFUL KIT CASE FOR AIRMEN.

G. 1366 C.



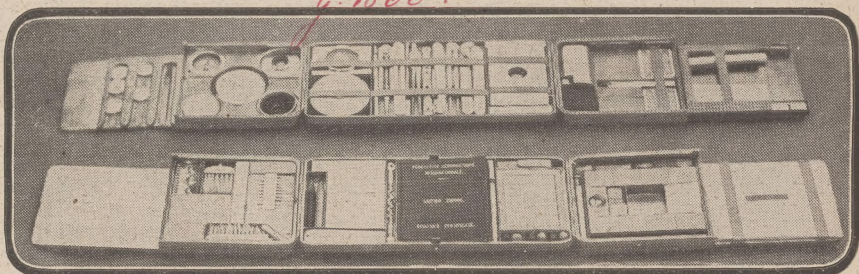
Cover of the box on which are painted the flags of the various nations together with their names.

G. 1366 C.



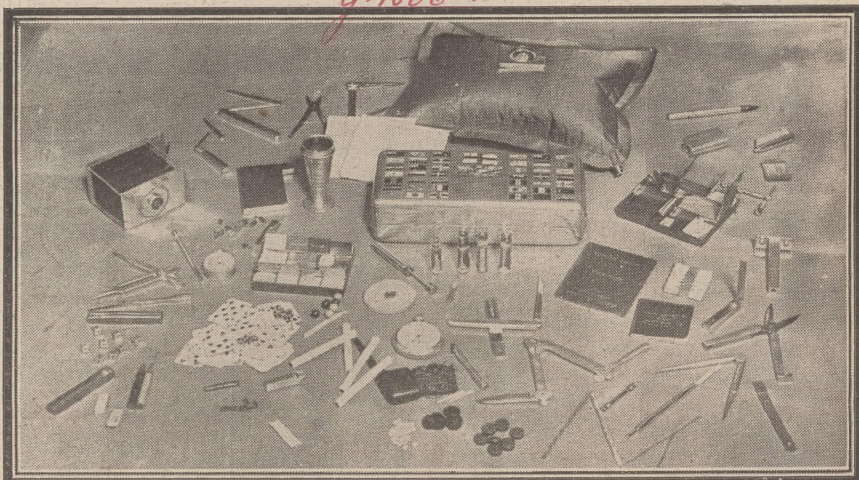
On opening the case a map of the world and a chart of the heavens are revealed.

G. 1366 C.



Inside again are all sorts of articles which an airman needs, including watch and compass.

G. 1366 C.



And still more useful articles. The cigarette, which every pilot smokes, is not forgotten.

Everything for the airman is contained in this wonderful little case. Nothing that he can possibly require has been overlooked, and the case has the advantage of being compact and easily carried. The case, by the way, belongs to the Independent candidate for Mile End.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



I am the heroine of a strange romance. In an ordinary workaday world mine would have been a hum-drum life in a sleepy little village.

But Fate, conspiring with the war of nations, drew me into a vortex of passion and intrigue, made me the central figure of one of the most daring plots ever evolved by the great spy systems of Europe, and altered the paths of many lives.

My story will thrill thousands as no story has thrilled them before.

And as I think over the eventful episodes that crowded themselves into a single year of my life, I marvel at the strange turn of Fortune's wheel that lifted me out of the sordid surroundings of the Cabaret de Biribi into the limelight of world-history, and flooded into my heart a great love—a love such as has fallen to the lot of few mortals.

My name? For years to come people will speak of me as

The Girl Philippa

Robert W. Chambers

has woven the story of "The Girl Philippa" into an imperishable romance. Her beauty, her loyalty, her bravery, her wonderful charm will capture and bind you.

You may be in love now, you may never have known the sensation; you may be sixteen, you may be sixty, it makes no difference—you will love her.

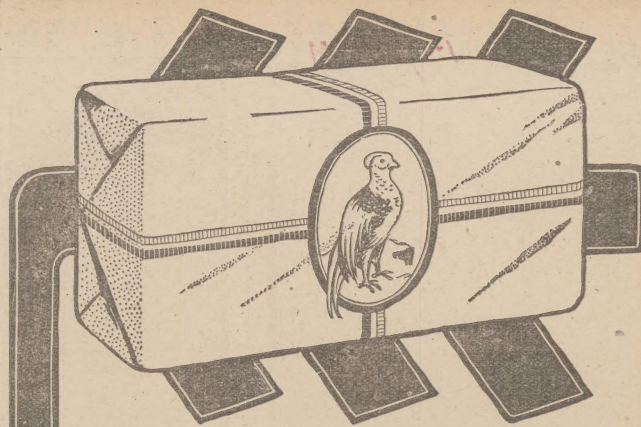
Thousands who never before have appreciated Chambers' genius as a story-teller have a rare treat in store for them.

"The Girl Philippa" will linger long in their memory.

This fascinating story begins in the February number of

**Nash's
Magazine**

On Sale Everywhere.



Ask for and try this

Never have such deliciousness, such perfection of manufacture, such splendid value been combined in Margarine before!

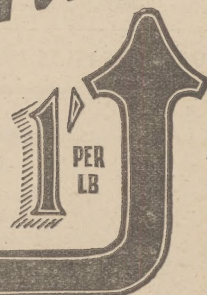
Once try *Pheasant* Margarine—you will never go back to any other kind—never go back even to the old-time country butter.

Besides, you *save money!*

**Pheasant
Margarine**

Look for the $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb packets with the Red, White & Blue Ribband and Pheasant Seal.

Ask your Grocer for it.



Send him
**SYMINGTON'S
SOUPS**



No man is a happy man whose teeth are chattering with the cold. A plateful of Symington's Soup is better than a score of rugs—it feeds as well as warms!

And he can make it in his trench in no time—and he wants it! A fourpenny packet of Symington's Soup is sufficient to make a quart.

11 varieties—Sold everywhere.
W. SYMINGTON & CO., LTD., Market Harborough

4^p

AN MAN OF HIS WORD

By RUBY M. AYRES

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JEAN MILLARD, an unusually good-looking girl of distinction, but very wilful.

ROBIN O'NEIL, Jean's guardian, aged about thirty-seven. He is the quiet, strong type of man.

GAVIN DAWSON, an easy-going young fellow with a small private income. He is easily led.

THERE is a dead silence in the breakfast-room between Jean Millard and her aunt, Miss Lydia Fortescue. Jean has just heard that her aunt has written to her guardian, Robin O'Neil, and that he is coming over to look after her.

Jean is furious. "It's—it's a hateful," she says. "I won't stand it; I'll make him sorry that he ever decided to come home and look after me."

Then she suddenly thinks of Gavin Dawson. Her heart gives a queer little lump. "He has been the one bright spot in her life."

Jean sees him and tells him what has happened. Gavin realizes that he is losing her, and asks her to marry him.

Jean explains that in six months' time she will have control of her own money, but they arrange to marry secretly at Gavin's house. He will travel to London and get the special licence, and that Jean shall follow the next day.

Jean travels to London. At Euston there is a thick fog.

Gavin does not turn up, and Jean mistakes a stranger for him. The stranger turns out to be Robin O'Neil.

She is furiously indignant when she hears that Robin knew who she was from the label on her bag. But, being quite helpless, she finally agrees to go to the house of Robin's cousin, Mrs. Lillian Fisher, where she had originally been going.

In the meantime, Gavin is at the old sweetheart, and finds out that she is the Mrs. Lillian Fisher to whom Jean was supposed to be going. From her lips he learns that Jean is a girl of no name, and that, unknown to her, Robin O'Neil has been keeping her.

He writes at once to Jean, telling her not to come up, as his wedding is not yet decided for a little while. This letter Jean does not get.

Jean and Robin do not get on at all well. When Jean writes a forgiving letter to Gavin, he accepts it. She is furious, and in revenge goes to a baccarat party, where she wins £15. Gavin is left a lot of money.

Jean is consoled to ask Robin for some more money. He refuses to insist on stop her gambling. Jean immediately plays baccarat again, and loses £25 to a youth named Symons.

She decides to try her luck again in order to get the money back. But instead of winning she loses a large sum.

O'Neil again refuses to help her, and again she plays. At the end of the evening, Symons, after behaving like a thief and a liar, leaves her with £210. In desperation, Jean asks Robin for more money. He refuses, and stuns by her taunts, he blurts out that she is really penniless.

Jean is terribly shocked, and her thoughts turn to Gavin to save her. She consents to his buying an engagement ring, and he pays Symons the money.

In a game of hide-and-seek Jean is pursued by Symons. In trying to escape from his unpleasant personality she trips and stuns herself. Robin discovers her, and she suddenly finds herself in his arms. Entreatment comes to both of them. "I love you," cries Robin, and Jean knows that she loves him too.

Gavin repeats a story to Jean to the effect that Robin once chided at card-table. Jean to these pointed remarks, and then Jean hears that her father took his own life. She appeals to O'Neil to deny all this, but he refuses to speak. As Jean tries to believe the stories she believes the home.

Then Jean hears the truth—that it was O'Neil who shielded her father, and that both Symons and Gavin knew the truth. She is going to break her engagement off with Gavin when she hears that he is injured.

THE ACCIDENT.

JEAN stared at Mrs. Rutherford with bewildered eyes; her first thought was that Pansy was pretending; that it was a poor sort of joke to frighten and startle her; she drew back from Pansy who had taken her hand.

An accident! I don't know! You're trying to frighten me; you're trying—

Pansy burst into tears.

"I'm not—I'm not!" she sobbed. "I wish I were! Oh, it's so dreadful! A man from the hospital has just come; he was run over and see him yourself, if you won't believe me. It happened this morning, but he's been unconscious all day—poor, dear thing—and it's only this afternoon that he could ask for you."

She asked for you! I don't know! Words with still lips. "But—," she began, and stopped. She had been about to add: "But I don't love him; it can't be my he wants. I was going to tell him to-day."

She was shocked at herself; she moved slowly towards the head of the stairs.

Pansy went with her, talking and sobbing all the way.

Oh, if only Lillian were here, or Mr. O'Neil! They would know what to do. I'm sure O'Neil! Of course, you ought to go to him, and yet—

"I am going," said Jean. She went into her room; she came out again in two minutes dressed for walking; she was rather pale, and there was a little dazed look in her eyes.

Mrs. Rutherford had waited for her on the landing; they went down the stairs together.

"I'm quite ready," she said, "if you can get a taxi."

Pansy clutched Jean's hand. "Oh, you poor, dear thing! I'm so sorry!"

"Thank you," said Jean; she released herself and went on and out to the cab.

She did not ask any questions; somehow details did not seem to be of much consequence; Gavin was hurt—perhaps badly hurt—and he wanted her.

Knowing he died! She had been thinking such hard things of him all day; she had meant to say such hard things to him when next they met; and now, perhaps, she would never have the chance.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)



Jean Millard.

There was a little choking lump in her throat, but she kept it resolutely back; she sat staring out of the window with dry eyes.

When the taxi stopped she roused herself with a jerk; her heart began to race as she went on and through the wide door of the big building.

She seemed to walk miles and miles up staircases and along corridors, through which her footstep echoed loudly. Once two men in white overalls passed her, carrying something long and still between them on a stretcher; once a woman led by a friend came sobbing from one of the wards.

Jean looked at it all with apathetic eyes; she felt as if it were all part of a dream, or as if she were merely an onlooker and played no part in the little tragedies going on all around her.

The attendant, leading the way, stopped suddenly.

"Your friend is in here," she said. She looked at Jean. "Do you feel able to go in now?" she asked kindly. Jean nodded.

"Yes—I am quite well." But she hesitated for a second with a sort of vague dread in her mind.

"What was it?" she asked in a whisper.

"How did it happen?"

"He was knocked down in the street, I think—the sister will tell you the details."

And now they were in the ward with its long rows of beds and spotless, for a moment the nurses danced tidily before Jean's eyes; she clenched her hands hard and walked on steadily.

There was a screen round the bed where Dawson lay; a chair by his bedside. Someone told her to sit down and she obeyed silently.

She had not yet looked at him—somehow she could not turn her eyes to his face; she was considering subconsciously how she would be feeling if this man were someone whom she loved with all her heart and soul; someone who was all the world to her instead of just—Gavin!

It was an effort to turn her eyes to him; she wondered if he could see the constraint in her face; but she need not have feared.

Gavin was lying there quite still, with closed eyes; he had drifted back again into unconsciousness; he seemed hardly to breathe, she thought, with a little throb of fear, as she looked at him.

Tears swam into her eyes; she leaned forward—touching him gently. "Gavin."

He will not know you," said the nurse.

He had not moved or spoken. Jean raised frightened eyes.

"Oh, he is not going to die, is he?" she asked falteringly.

But she did not believe the answer when it came.

"Oh, we hope not—of course, it is impossible to say definitely."

She moved away. Jean sat there motionless. She felt horribly lonely and frightened.

She had never been in a hospital ward before. There was something terrifying to her in the rows of beds and the faint smell of drugs in the air.

She wished she had insisted that Pansy came with her. She would have given anything just then for the companionship of someone whom she knew.

JEAN'S DUTY.

JEAN looked at Gavin again. Oh, it could not be he! That long, silent figure! Oh, it could not be he who lay there so insensible to her presence, so unconscious of her fear for him.

Once she thought he moved a little. She bent over him in an agony of hope. She spoke his name again softly; but there was not the smallest flicker of his fast-closed lids.

She got up and went across to one of the nurses.

"What am I to do? Can I stay here?"

The nurse glanced towards the bed.

"I doubt if he will know you to-night."

She looked at Jean and her eyes softened. "You may stay if you like," she said.

"Does that—does that mean that he will not get well?" Jean asked falteringly; and again she could not force herself to believe the stereotyped answer which came.

"It does not necessarily mean that."

She went back to the chair beside his bed; she sat with her eyes fixed on his face.

He looked so young—that was the thought that kept recurring again and again to her; he looked almost like a boy in his teens. For the first time since she had known him she wondered what he had been like as a boy; what his mother had been like, if she had loved him very much.

There was no one to care now—if he died!—except herself, and she—

A little sob convulsed her.

"Oh, I want him to get well—I want him to get well!" she said, over and over again to herself, in passionate remorse. She was remembering how much he had loved her—how good he had been to her, and it seemed now in the light of what had happened that she had been so undeserving, so ungrateful.

The slow minutes seemed to crawl away; she glanced at the watch on her wrist which Lillian had given her at Christmas.

Only six! It seemed as if she had surely been here for long, long days.

Her head was aching desperately; she leaned it in her hands.

She wondered if Lillian had come home yet, and if Pansy had told her what had happened.

Lillian had loved Gavin years ago—perhaps she still loved him.

She looked at the silent face on the pillow with tender eyes.

She would only remember how good he had been to her—how generous! She would forget everything else. He loved her, and she knew that it had been because he loved her that he had been so full of bitterness.

She looked into her own heart; perhaps she herself would have done the same thing in similar circumstances. She knew what it was to be jealous; knew how it had hurt to know that Robin and Pansy were so much together.

Gavin had felt the same way; she found herself making excuses for him—shielding him against herself.

She uncovered her eyes and looked at him again. Her eyes were open now and turned towards her; her heart gave a little throb.

"Gavin." She thought he smiled, but she could not be sure; if he did, it was so faint—so shadowy—and the next moment the heavy lids fell again.

She hid her eyes; she could not bear it—oh, she could not!

For the first time her own selfishness towards him struck her with force; she had promised to marry him for her own ends; she had calmly contemplated breaking her engagement with him for her own ends; it had always been of herself she had thought—never of him! Her heart ached.

He stood beside her, his hand on her shoulder. "I only heard half an hour ago—I had promised to take Mrs. Rutherford to the theatre; I rang up to make arrangements with her, and she told me that he was in the hospital."

He felt as if he were shrinking a little beneath his touch; he moved his hand away at once. "I came straight off to you. Oh, my dear, I am so sorry—poor fellow—poor fellow!"

His voice was kindness itself, but Jean missed something from it; something of tenderness—something of passion. And he had been going out with Pansy—a throb of jealousy stabbed at her.

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With Powder Tray,



Sir Edward Carson.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Mr. Swift MacNeill.

A Great Pleader.

Sir Edward Carson's speech in the Slingsby case, which began on Monday, is probably the longest which the ex-Attorney-General has ever been called upon to deliver. In spite of a certain brusqueness of manner, Sir Edward is perhaps the most eloquent and persuasive counsel at the Bar. I can quite understand the position of the man who once said to me, "I would rather be defended by Ned Carson when I was wrong than by any other man when I was right."

The Craze for Brevity.

The long speech is, more or less, a thing of the past. It seems as if the present generation has no love for oratory. Our fathers, on the other hand, liked their speeches and their sermons to be as lengthy as possible. Gladstone could hold the House of Commons enthralled for a space of six or seven hours. I can just remember hearing him. His deep, resonant, bull-like voice thrilled all his listeners. I suppose the most famous of all long speeches in the courts in recent days was Sir Charles Russell's defence of Parnell in the historic *Times* case.

Pemberton Busy Billing.

I took a walk in the Mile End-road yesterday and the hoardings certainly convinced me that Pemberton was "billing" and to some purpose.

Superstitious.

I know a popular ex-M.P. who if "unlucky" enough to spill salt at table not only throws it over his left shoulder—but does so three times and whistles as often! He also told me that you should always make a wish if you see a piebald horse, but only if you don't think of its tail! I don't believe it can be done on those terms.

Ex-Minister Joins the Army.

I hear that a good deal of interest was aroused at Westminster yesterday by the announcement that Sir Harry Verney, the Liberal member for North Bucks, has received a commission in the Army. Sir Harry, a sturdily-built young man with reddish-brown hair, is one of the former Ministers who lost office when the Coalition Government was formed.

A Parliamentary Wit.

Few men reach the Treasury Bench so quickly as he did. He entered Parliament five years ago. He became Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture four years later. He is a bright, witty speaker and a thoroughly capable man. Sir Harry's wife is a daughter of the Earl of Elgin, a former Colonial Secretary. His recreations are shooting, swimming and football.

The Wonderful Child.

Every London playgoer knows little Odette Goinbault, who is now touring with Miss Enid Rose some old sixteenth and seventeenth-century plays. Her greatest triumph was achieved in the American melodrama, "On Trial," where she took the part of the little girl whose father had been condemned to death. Nobody who was there will ever forget her pathetic cry of "I'm



Odette Goinbault.

frightened—I'm frightened," as she was being cross-examined by the stern counsel. I was present at the first performance. It was really a wonderful scene. The stalls and the gallery were alike dissolved in tears.

How to Cheapen Bread.

I am told that the Government is seriously considering how best to deal with the marine freights question. One of the most obvious remedies would be to strengthen the blockade against Germany. The fewer ships carrying goods for the Huns the more there will be bringing wheat to us. In this way the price of bread is bound to fall.

The Oxford Drag.

My remarks about the Oxford Drag have caused an inquiry as to whether the Prince of Wales was ever a follower of this hunt. The answer is in the negative, though during his second year of residence he frequently went out with the foxhounds, the Bicester being the pack he usually favoured. He was invariably accompanied by his querry, the late Major Cadogan, whose death in action was a severe blow to the Prince.

The Prince of Wales.

It is not generally known that the Prince had obtained permission to enter and ride a horse in the last Magdalen College "Grind," as the college steeplechases are usually called, but this was withdrawn before the meeting, to his great chagrin. The reason probably was that at the Christ Church "Grind," held just previously, there had been several nasty "tosses," resulting in broken collar-bones and dislocated shoulders.

An "Emotional" Actress.

Miss Frances Dillon, who is appearing at the Garrick next Saturday in Mr. George Porter's new play, "Tiger's Cub," is one of the ablest exponents of what may perhaps be described as the "emotional" school of acting. She made a first appearance on the



Miss Frances Dillon.

stage in "Vanity Fair" at the Court Theatre. Since then she has been seen in a variety of parts. She has played in Shakespeare, in Shaw, and in Sheridan—not disdaining melodrama, for she made a distinct hit in such popular favourites as "East Lynne" and the "Two Little Vagabonds" of Mr. G. R. Sims.

Sir Percy Scott's Hobby.

Sir Percy Scott has two hobbies really. The one, and chief one, is guns, of course, and the other is—bridge, a game which gives full scope for Sir Percy's clever brain, and of which he is a fine exponent.

On the Starlight Express.

"The Starlight Express," that brilliant train at the Kingsway, is still running on schedule time. I saw it again Wednesday, and found it much improved; but it would be pleasing if Mr. Algernon Blackwood would cut some of the explanatory part about thoughts making our lives. The idea that we gather star-dust when we sleep to light us through the dull activities of our daily lives is, I think, charming enough as a theme.

An Early Spring.

"Looks like an early spring," I remarked to a clubman yesterday. "Ought to," he replied; "it's leap year."

Charlie of London.

London is jealous of losing its claim to the one and only Charlie Chaplin. Several readers who knew him in his early days have written to me denying Manchester's claim to having educated him. "Charlie was born in South-East London and educated there," writes one of his schoolmates. "He comes from dear old London; and is not, as so many people say, of Jewish blood." His school-fellow should know, so I grant the palm to London.

Mr. Bonar Law's Week of Triumph.

Everybody I met in the Commons lobby last night was full of praise of the brilliant way in which Mr. Bonar Law has piloted the Compulsion Bill through Committee this week. It has been exacting and exhausting work, with sittings into the small hours of the morning. But all through those trying hours Mr. Law has been on the Treasury bench.

How He Has Helped.

Mr. Law's triumph is all the greater since it is the first Bill of importance of which he has ever been in charge. Needless to add, his conduct of the measure has enormously lightened the work of the Prime Minister, who has consequently been able to leave the Chamber for lengthened periods to deal with other pressing business.

Spats Everywhere.

War has not impaired the popularity of spats. They are worn alike by old and young men. I observe them everywhere. The Cecil family always wear them. Who has ever seen Mr. Arthur Balfour and Lord Robert and Lord Hugh Cecil without spats?

An Old Tradition.

It used to be a matter of course that the Law Officers should wear spats, but the custom seems to be moribund in the Temple, if nowhere else. The great time for spats was in Walton and Robson's day, both these legal luminaries being tall, thin, and very smart.

No Place for Flappers.

General von Haugwitz is the Military Governor of Cassel and has strict views on the way to deal with youths. He has just issued an order prohibiting youths and maids under eighteen from going to picture palaces, buying or consuming tobacco and alcohol, or from frequenting restaurants and cafes. Cassel is no place for flappers.

Those Enemy Dukes.

Mr. Swift MacNeill, the Nationalist M.P., has, I learn, followed up his questions to the Prime Minister regarding the Dukes of Cumberland and Albany, now in command of enemy forces, by giving notice of a resolution affirming that their retention of British titles and dignities "constitutes a cause of justifiable discontent and indignation which demands an immediate remedy."

An Interesting Figure.

Mr. MacNeill is one of the most interesting men I have ever met. He is also one of the most learned. His knowledge of parliamentary precedents is amazing, as many legislators know to their cost. He was once described as "a warm heart struggling with a hot potato." He has sat in the House so long that it would scarcely seem the same place without him. He has represented South Donegal since 1887.

Staff and Crutch.

"So bread and beer are up in price to-day?" grumbled the bread-winner to his wife. "Yes," she agreed, "the staff of life and the crutch of life are going to cost you more, but you can do without the crutch, y'know."

Judge on a Jury.

The life of an orsman is short—in theory. Sir Arthur Channell, it seems, holds different views, for I see that the former King's Bench Judge has been acting as foreman of the jury at the Somerset Assizes, his seventy-eight years notwithstanding. Sir Arthur, in his younger days, was a noted orsman, among his victories being the Colquhoun Sculls and the Henley Grand Challenge and Ladies' Plate.

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TRIAL PACKAGE FREE TO READERS.

Every reader is asked to write for a trial package of the food that is doing such wonders for wounded, worn-out and nerve-shattered soldiers; rebuilding flesh, strength, nerve and brain-energy with a speed that is amazing, and aiding their restoration to perfect fitness. "Sanaphos" (which is All-British, and must not be confused with German-owned preparations) is wholly digestible, and its benefit is felt almost at once. Besides restoring strength and muscle, it contains the elements wanted by tired, underfed nerves; elements not present in sufficient quantities in ordinary food.

If you wake up tired, if you are sleepless, run-down, nervous or depressed write to-day for this trial package. You will be amazed at the improvement after a few days of "Sanaphos." Mention that you are a reader of this paper, and the package will be sent to you free and post paid. The address is: The British Milk Products Co., Ltd., 63, Mark-lane, London, E.C. Sir William Taylor, Surgeon-General of the Forces, is chairman of the company. "Sanaphos" can now be had of chemists, in tins, from 1s. To avoid confusion with German-owned products, always emphasise the last part of the name—"SanaphOS."

Bournville

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The Khaki Woman: By Mr. Bottomley, in the "Sunday Pictorial"

AUSTIN HARRISON on
the Blockade Scandal:
See the "Sunday Pictorial."

The Daily Mirror

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"WOMEN Worth Fighting
For": A "Tommy's"
Tribute in "Sunday Pictorial."

"TOO LATE EVERYWHERE": ARE MORE HOMES TO BE DESTROYED BY "ZEPPELS?"



German caricature of Mr. Lloyd George. The drawing is headed: "Everywhere too late."

"Are we to be too late with our air service?" This is the question which everyone is discussing, and on which the electors of Mile End will give their decision next week.



A house wrecked during the last Zeppelin raid. It is an official photograph, and the description supplied was: "Back view of damage shown in 28."

Mr. Pemberton Billing, the independent candidate, is fighting the election on the defence of London. His opponent is Mr. Warwick Brookes.

BOTHA'S NIECE.



Miss Irene Emmett, who has just been married to Captain J. L. Robertson.

DRILLING ON THE STAGE.



Miss Renée Mayer, the young actress, acting as physical drill instructor to the attested men at Drury Lane Theatre.

THOUGHT WILLESDEN WAS BOULOGNE.



The young woman who was found wandering at Willesden. When questioned she said she thought she was in Boulogne, and was very surprised when told that she was in London. She has lost her memory completely, and does not even remember her name. There is nothing to identify her by.

HAS HE BEEN TO THE SALES?



This may be described as "some" parcel. But the Bagdad carriers do not regard it as anything out of the ordinary.

AN ANTI-WAR M.P.



Mr. Neilson, M.P. for the Hyde Division of Cheshire, who is now in the United States, where, it is alleged, he has been delivering anti-war lectures. "I am not in favour of this war and never was," he is stated to have declared.